

The Pacific

First Pure, then Peaceable—without

Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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SAN FRANCISCO,

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Editorial Visits.

To the north of Stockton, from eight to fifteen miles, is one of the finest farming regions of California. The country is very level, dotted with noble oaks, moistened by abundance of water, ten to sixteen feet below the surface, with a dark sandy soil easily worked, and with a climate moderately tempered by gentle breezes from the ocean, eighty miles away. This splendid region was wrested from the avaricious clutch of great land-graspers in a manfully contested legal struggle, so that a thriving and wealthy community of farmers occupies the whole extent in regular quarter section pre-emptions. Their only real village is Woodbridge, on the south bank of the Mokelumne river, which is quite a town in size, and has weekly connection with San Francisco most of the year by a steamboat navigation. We know of few places in the State we should find more to our taste as a home than this place or region, if only the people, as a whole, had a heart to fear God, keep his commandments and worship in churches assembled on each Sabbath day. But, though there are scattering christian families among them, yet there seems much less attention to religious things here than is common, even in California. There is no church building in all the region, with the apparent exception of one Methodist and one Baptist, out of the limits of Woodbridge, eight miles to the southeast. Yet there is occasional worship in school houses, though not very largely attended. Let christians be faithful, though few, and the Lord's rich blessing will not be long withheld.

Ten miles up the Mokelumne river, east, is another most pleasantly located village, called Lockford, with all the many noble oak trees of the natural site left standing to embower the place in shade. It has three stores, all apparently doing a fair living business, and the appropriate variety of shops. It is laid out in a manner the most neat of all the towns in the great interior valley, around a fine open green or park; but as yet only a little of this neatness is seen, since but two or three of its residences or business houses have any appearance of a fence around them. This defect detracts greatly from the beauty of the place. One mile and three-quarters west of here is a good brick Methodist church, at which for many years regular religious worship has been observed. In the village, during the last year, a fine frame Congregational church, with good tower, has been put up and nearly finished off. It will seat about three hundred hearers. Rev. J. J. Powell has been here laboring as pastor, with great acceptance and success. Many have rejoiced in the hope of Christ and come forward to profess his name, by joining either the Congregational or Methodist church. All the lands in this region are Government title, occupied in pre-emption claims, with fine soil for richness, and easily cultivated. Some sections towards the southeast, we are told, are yet open for occupation; yet, as we went through in that direction, we were surprised to see how extensively the open plains had been lately taken up in farms, fenced and cultivated, most of the distance for ten miles.

Then, crossing the Calaveras river, we came into the old settled farming region of Linden. This is a moderate village some fifteen miles from Stockton, the central place of business for the farming country around, and much aided in its prosperity by a superior flouring mill, owned by Ryerson & Co. But, by the accidental burning of this mill, the place has lost much of its resources. They have a good Methodist church, in which regular worship is observed, with a prospering religious society.

From here we turned upward to the mountains, ascending into the rugged Bear range of Copperopolis. This once so flourishing, finely built, romantically located large town of the mountains, is now, by the wonderful failure of copper mining, most completely prostrated in business and deserted by most of its inhabitants. Yet there are families enough

still remaining here to call for a large public school of over one hundred pupils. And, though so reduced in worldly prosperity, yet they never, to us, seemed before so rich in spiritual things; for, during the winter, precious religious meetings have been held in the place, which resulted in the hopeful conversion of a few, but to the great quickening of spiritual life in the church. Rev. Mr. Brier, and also his son, who has but lately commenced to preach, conducted the meetings, which seem to have resulted in great good. All spoke in high terms of their appreciation of the ability, faithfulness and warmth of feeling with which the truth was preached.

From Copperopolis we turned gradually down the mountains, over the wide unsettled regions of the lower foot hills, into the plains far south, to visit Snellings, the shiretown of Merced county. The vast agricultural lands around, especially on the south, are beginning to settle up, and in a few years this place must become a large town. At present it seems but little changed from what it was three years ago, except in the building of about three good residences and the improving of a good hotel lately purchased by an old acquaintance of the high mountains, Mr. G. W. Coulter. They have no church, but meet for worship in the court house.

Six miles up the Merced river, at the falls, is a very great business improvement, by the erection of the finest woolen factory we have seen on the coast. It is properly four stories high, as the large attic is used, built of brick, in size fifty by one hundred and twenty-five feet on the ground, besides large additions of less height. It runs four sets of cards and eighteen looms, of which six are the latest improvement, called Crompton's, we believe, and about three hundred thousand pounds of wool are yearly used up into all varieties of appropriate fabrics. The projector and principal proprietor is Mr. Nelson, who has resided here many years, owning the vast water power and improving it by a fair flouring mill.

From here we again ascended into the high mountains, through Mariposa county. But the whole region appeared wonderfully deserted. There is now one really reviving hope for the county, and this is that the northern mine of the once famous Fremont estate has been re-opened and is now worked with about one hundred and thirty men and yields good returns. Their large thirty-six stamp mill is doing superior work by an improved process. The efficient general superintendent, Mr. J. H. Brumagim, informed us that the prospects were very favorable for re-opening and vigorously working again all the mines. If so, things will once more become flourishing in this county. S. V.

Letter from the Islands.

MAKAWAO, MAUI, Hawaiian Islands, March 9th, 1869.

EDITORS PACIFIC:—Dear Brethren, since I last wrote you, the Sandwich Islands nation has sustained a heavy loss in the death of Kekuanaoa, one of its most venerable and useful chiefs. If not himself a chief of high birth, he proved himself worthy of an alliance with the family of Kamehameha the Great, being the husband of Kinau and the father of Kamehameha the IV, and of Kamehameha V, the reigning Sovereign. He accompanied Liholiho or Kamehameha II, to England, acting, I believe, as the treasurer of the company. Soon after his return he married Kinau, and from that time to the day of his death, he exercised more influence, probably, than any chief on the group. For many years he filled the office and discharged the duties of Governor of Oahu. This brought him in almost daily contact with men from foreign lands, to whom he gave, I believe, general satisfaction, and whose respect he secured. Kekuanaoa was, in many respects, a remarkable man, and considering his origin, born in a heathen land, and enjoying very limited means of instruction, he was certainly a very extraordinary man. He was intelligent, and urbane in a remarkable

degree, and I rejoice to be able to say, a Christian Ruler, acting from high and holy principle. I feel it to be my duty as it is my privilege to give you an authentic anecdote bearing upon his fearless adherence to the law of God, when the temptation to disregard it was strong. The late Judge Andrews is my authority for the stand taken by the Governor, as he sat near him and heard the conversation as I now give it you.

It is the Sabbath. Kekuanaoa is in his place in the house of God. A man-of-war from a Christian land, (no matter from what nation) has just cast anchor, and an officer is sent on shore to ascertain the precise time when it will be convenient to return a salute to the flag of a Christian condescending to give one to the flag of a semi-barbarous nation! The officer in uniform, with his sword by his side (for who knows but that he may have use for this weapon among a people so recently pagan?) calls at the Governor's door, and learns that he has gone to the house of God. Thither he hastens, and with his naval costume, epaulet, and sword dangling along the floor, he marches up the broad aisle, guided by a Hawaiian soldier, to the seat of the Governor. With a low bow the naval officer assures the Hawaiian magistrate of the arrival of—ship-of-war, Commander, by whom he is commissioned to inquire at what hour it will be convenient for him to return a salute in reply to one his commander proposes to make to the Hawaiian flag. With a bow as graceful—for no man in the Pacific could exceed the Oahu Governor in this respect—and in a bland, but decided manner, Kekuanaoa replied: "To-morrow morning, sir, at 10 o'clock. This is the Sabbath." I submit that no Puritan Governor of the old Bay State ever made a more Christian reply than this of Kekuanaoa; a reply which, who can doubt, will be found written in the book of God's remembrance, and read in the hearing of an assembled world to the confusion of Government officers on ships of war from Christian lands, who not only themselves desecrate the day of God, but do all they can to involve the partially enlightened heathen nations whom they visit in the same guilt, to the confusion, I repeat, of such governmental officers, but to the unspeakable joy of our worthy friend, Kekuanaoa, who was thus enabled to honor the laws of God in sight of a scoffing world. The officer returned to his ship, and of course reported the Governor's reply. How this was received, I have no means of knowing. Some doubtless sneered, and attributed the stand taken by the Governor to the influence of Puritanism as taught by the missionaries. So let it be. No doubt the teachings of the Gospel had begotten in the bosom of this once benighted pagan, reverence and love for the Sabbath. And I am happy in the belief that this same Hawaiian Ruler not only lived a life of cheerful obedience to all the precepts of this precious Gospel, but was sustained by its power, during his long sickness, and was enabled by faith in Christ to triumph in the hour of death.

Kekuanaoa was the last of the old chiefs, and he a high chief only by marriage, and by personal merit. The decrease of Hawaiian chiefs has been more rapid than that of the common people. Even Mr. Dibble in his history of the Islands, written in 1843, has a catalogue of important chiefs from 1824 to the time of his writing. Of these, six had died before my arrival at the Islands, in 1828, leaving nineteen with all of whom I became more or less acquainted. The youngest of these nineteen was Kauikeaouli or Kamehameha II, and his sister Nahi-enaena. There was the noble and excellent Kaahumanu, one of the wives of Kamehameha the Great. She was truly a queenly and a hopefully pious lady. She lived more than four years after my arrival, and I saw her often. She acted the part of a friend and mother to my late excellent wife during a season of illness when I was absent on a tour of exploration to the Northwest Coast, in 1849. That was a year of scarcity and suffering among the

mission families, supplies of flour, sugar and other comforts not having arrived from Boston. Good old Hoapili, Governor of Maui, and his excellent wife, I honored and loved. They resided at Lahaina and were members of my Bible Class for a season. Kūkini or Governor Adams, as he was called by foreigners, and his sister Pina, I frequently saw. Kekuanaoa and Kinau, both the wives of Liholiho—both Premiers of Government; Kinau succeeded Kaahumanu, and, dying, was succeeded by Kekuanaoa or Auhea, as she was frequently called, I knew very well. Boki, at one time Governor of Oahu, a very dangerous and unhappy man, who probably perished while leading an expedition in search of sandal wood, I saw a few times; also Kalkiwa, late Governor of Kauai. Naihe, called the national orator and sometime the Governor of Hawaii, and Kapiolani, his elegant and excellent wife, I knew, perhaps more intimately than any other chiefs, having spent some time at their house. Kapiolani was not only a consistent and zealous Christian, but took the lead decidedly of all her people in habits of civilization. All these have gone to their account, and, alas, there is little probability that their places will be supplied by Hawaiian chiefs. That you may see how slight the probability is, let me give you their number as given me by Mr. Dibble, in 1843. There were then fourteen of them—seven males, and seven females. Four of these were the children of Kekuanaoa and Kinau, but Kamehameha, the reigning Sovereign, is the only survivor. None of these deceased children left heirs, nor is there a single child left to one of the fourteen given in the catalogue prepared by Mr. Dibble, in 1843. The reigning King is unmarried. Mrs. Bishop has no children; and the three or four young chiefs remaining are living single, and there is little probability, I think, that they will ever change their state. You can see that even were the people multiplying and giving promise of filling the land, the prospects of the chiefs are exceedingly dark. Who will rule the nation after a few years? is a question not easily answered, though as things are now, there is scarcely the shadow of a probability that the nation, as such, will exist at the close of the century. Still, we who are toiling for the temporal and eternal good of the Hawaiian race, have no thought of abandoning our yoke, or slacking our hand. What we can we will do, to save the race from extinction, so that we may have the sweet consolation of the prophet who said: "Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord."

We are prospering in our Female Seminary, at Okaewao. The Hawaiian Government has lately employed two children of the late Judge Andrews, to erect buildings and instruct a school of boys. Robert W. Andrews and Mrs. Sarah Andrews Thurston are the persons employed. They have chosen this place for the school, and are making preparation to gather children and train them for usefulness. I will keep you informed in regard to this new enterprise.

Your fellow laborer,

J. S. GREEN.

Letter from Oregon.

FOREST GROVE, March 29, 1869.

EDITORS PACIFIC:—In an article which I sent you a few weeks since, I gave you some statements of the condition of things in our Institution at the opening of the year 1868; how God had been with us by His Spirit blessing us, and saving some; and how the Institution as such was prospering.

I have to say now that things in the Institution are, in general, much as when I wrote. Study has been pursued, for the most part, with interest and success; in quietness and good order also, with only some slight exceptions. We are now drawing to the close of the college year. The first Wednesday in May is the day of the anniversary exercises. In the meantime many examinations are

to be had, and the finishing work of the year to be performed. Two young men are expected to graduate in the regular course, and one young lady in the lady's department. We look forward to larger classes with the increase of population, and the opening of the railroad now in progress, up the west side of the Willamette. This will end isolation, waken up dormant energies, and enliven everything in these western counties of Oregon. In the meantime we must not despise the day of small things. It is something in a new state like this, and in a new college like ours, to have graduated a dozen students, as we expect to have done at the end of this year; and to have set them forward with the acquirements fitting them to be a power for good on this coast and in the world. We, at least, are not ashamed of this work, and we would ask others to join with us in thanking God for it.

On the first Sabbath in March, as a result of the revival reported in a former communication, thirteen were added to the Congregational church on confession of faith, six of whom were baptized. One was added to the church at the same time by letter—fourteen in all. We expect others to unite at the next communion. Several have united, or will unite with other churches. These are some of the fruits of that interesting work of grace.

In anticipation of advantages soon to be enjoyed in Oregon, through improved navigation of the rivers, and land communications by means of railroads planned and being built, considerable stir is manifest in some sections of the state, and the price of real estate is evidently advancing.

Since the late survey of the lower Columbia, including its mouth, bar, &c., showing that few rivers—if any—in the world are more easily or safely entered, the ancient fear, awe, "mighty dread," of Columbia river bar, is passing away, and Oregon is beginning to be thought accessible.

When it shall be generally understood—which is actually the fact—that the entrance to the Columbia river is better and safer than the entrance to New York Harbor, (i.e. with like help from pilots and tug boats,) that there is less danger from currents and shoals, and that fewer vessels in proportion to the whole number having entered and departed have been lost, than in entering New York Harbor, the groundless fear and dread referred to will pass away; and commerce will no longer shun the Columbia.

We desire that Oregon should progress in every good and noble thing, and hence that all wrong impressions about the state should be removed, and her advantages properly understood, so that all her interests may be promoted and advanced together.

Yours, &c.,

PIONEER.

California Prison Commission.

APPEAL TO THE CHURCHES.

At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of the California Prison Commission, a committee was appointed to solicit pecuniary aid from the churches. In pursuance of the duty imposed upon them, and as an argument in support of the appeal, they would present the following abstract of a late report of the Committee on Prisons and Prison Visitation, which Committee was composed of Dr. Henry Gibbons, Rev. Wm. T. Lucky and W. O. Andrews.

By invitation of the officers, two who are now members of the Committee, together with the Secretary of the Commission, visited the prison on Thanksgiving Day, when the prisoners were allowed a holiday, the pleasure of which was enhanced by about twenty boxes of fruit, kindly donated by some of the city merchants, and taken along by the visitors. Exercises appropriate to the occasion were held, when, in addresses to the convicts, they were urged to improve their time in study, and to make more free use of the library. The result of this was the formation of a school, soon after, at which eighty were present the first day. The number has steadily increased, until it has reached

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150; and when the present limited accommodations are enlarged, as they soon will be, there will be a much greater increase. The result, so far, has been quite gratifying. Many are making marked progress. Some can now read and write, who before were unable to do so. Others show great proficiency in figures, and all are more or less benefited. The effect upon the discipline of the prison is in the highest degree satisfactory, confirming the officers in their opinion as to the propriety of the movement.

Soon after the organization of the school, several of the booksellers of this city made liberal donations of books and stationery to the cause, and shortly afterward a quantity of school-books were collected from the pupils of the public schools. The Commission has undertaken to supply with light such of the prisoners as show a disposition to improve their evenings in study. The quiet that reigns about the prison on Sunday evenings proves clearly the wisdom of the undertaking. Religious services are held nearly every Sabbath, a member of the Commission being present for the purpose, and spending the entire day with the convicts. About 300 of them attend. They are very orderly and attentive, and seem deeply interested in the preaching. The church choir is composed entirely of convicts. Rev. A. W. Loomis has consented to visit the prison occasionally, and preach to the Chinese portion of the inmates, in their own language. Of these there are about eighty. His visits are hailed by them with pleasure.

On the whole, the prospect is very promising, and we are greatly encouraged to continue our efforts. The money asked of the churches is wanted chiefly for the support of this part of our work—to supply the prisoners with books, stationery, light, etc., that their time may be improved, to their own benefit, and that of society in general. This is a matter which concerns every citizen, whether he is willing to admit it or not; and one in which every Christian should certainly feel a deep interest. The most of these men, of whom there are now about 730, are soon to be turned out into the world again, when their influence in community will depend, in a great measure, upon the influences that are brought to bear upon them while in prison; and in view of the importance of doing everything possible for their mental and moral improvement, we request every church, every minister, every christian, and every friend of humanity, in the State, without regard to denomination or creed, to aid us, either by private donation or public collection, in our efforts to obtain the means for continuing what has been so hopefully begun. Our design is to show, by actual demonstration, the importance and practicability of such measures; so that the next Legislature will see the necessity of providing for them at the public expense, and of appointing a Chaplain, to take charge of this work, and to attend to the many other duties properly belonging to his office.

Remittances may be made to the Treasurer of the Commission, James Linforth, No. 3, Front street, when they will be thankfully received, and promptly acknowledged.

Wm. T. LUCKY,
JAMES WOODWORTH,
Committee.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 14, 1869.

The Congregational church in Washington has in form complied with nearly all the recommendations of the council on the various matters of detail in government, rules, method in meeting, &c. Dr. Boynton takes a most cheerful view of the situation. He says in substance that since all matters of difference were submitted to the council of Jan. 13, and they did not say directly that he ought to leave, this matter was left as it was before, and he shall remain so long as a majority of the church desire him to do so.

Robert G. Pardee, known as the untiring promoter of Sunday schools, died suddenly of a disease contracted while working in the South.

The Christian Guarantee.

A SERMON BY REV. GEORGE MOORE, D.D., PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OF OAKLAND.

TEXT.—1 Timothy 1: 15. *This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.*

It has passed into a proverb that facts are stubborn things. They are often as blessed as they are stubborn.

When the noblemen of England, in 1215, brought their King, John, to sign his name to that document which is known as *Magna Charta*, they brought him to do a thing which remained as if it were "graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever." On a certain day, the 19th of June, by the side of the Thames, on the field of Runnymede, the King, in the presence of his barons, promised that "no Freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or be divested of his freehold, or liberties, or free customs, or be outlawed, or exiled, or destroyed; nor will we pass upon him, nor send upon him, but by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. We will sell to no man, justice or right." That historical event became, as it has been often called, the bulwark of English liberty. In the perpetual conflict between crown and people, the people put their fingers upon that solemn charter. In successive reigns, we are told, the Kings, feeling the popular pressure, ratified it on thirty-eight occasions. Theories of Divine right, doctrines of Government, were obliged to give way to that clear, outright transaction of political history. For it was not a thing in the air or the brain, but in the annals of the nation.

Our own countrymen quite as well know the value of certain historical events, as guarantees of their rights, privileges and hopes. Take for an instance this: Four millions of men, not long since slaves, are now free. Those men keep the anniversary of a certain grand historical day; they keep it with gratitude and with joy. For then it was proclaimed far and wide and loud in the ear of the world, by one who had the power to make the proclamation—"I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States, are and henceforward shall be free! * * and upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, * * I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God." What clinches this nail in its sure place? These words: "Done at the city of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh." There, in its solemn, memorable and luminous place in American history, that great act stands. It stands in poetry also, and in painting; but, because it is a fact, not merely a hope, a wish, a fancy, a theory—because it was actually done in the city of Washington on the given day—does it serve as a guarantee of human rights.

I. If the illustrations are time-worn and familiar, so much the better for the point to be illustrated. They set forth the value of that saying—"that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." It is an historical saying—not in the year 1215, nor in the year 1863, not at Runnymede nor in the city of Washington, but at a place no less historical, Bethlehem of Judea, at a date which, if less exact, is beyond question the beginning of a new era in the world's chronology, in the year 750 of the building of the city of Rome, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

II. But it may be said, we know that this is the stale claim of the christian guarantee. It professes to be historical. It repeats that "saying" as if it were a fact. But is it a fact? I indicate briefly that the christian assurances of salvation rest on an historical fact, which is well attested. "This is a faithful," that is to say, a trustworthy "saying." It belongs to the same class of sayings as these: Columbus discovered the new world; the first settlement in Virginia was at Jamestown. There is no doubt in any intelligent mind that these statements are true. A great deal of pains is taken to throw the gospel facts back into some shadow, and to make men think about them as we think of the miracle which we often see in crossing the bay; but when we read in Matthew—"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king," we are not gazing at any miracle; it is one of the clear, shore lines of history that we see across the centuries. The whole narrative is sober, simple—the days of Herod the king are well known days; we are in the

presence of people as real as the members of our own families; "James and Joseph, and Simon and Judas, are they not all with us?" The localities to which the great Savior came, where he journeyed, are drawn with that unconscious truthfulness with which your brothers or sisters in writing allude to the old houses, brooks, hills and roads about your early home. If you should go to the Holy Land, you would find that the New Testament is a guide-book to the country. And where will you find any ancient event attested by more trustworthy witnesses than this event of our Lord's coming into the earth? It is attested by the written affidavits of Matthew, a farmer of the Roman revenue, by Mark, a citizen of Jerusalem, by Luke, a cultivated Greek physician, by John, who lived to an advanced age as the pastor of a church in Ephesus, by Paul, a man of thorough Hebrew training and a Roman freeman, by Peter, by James, by Jude—all these eight men are independent and thoroughly competent witnesses. These affidavits happen to be now collected into one book, but they were as independently given at first as any affidavits that ever were presented in any court. Their testimony establishes the fact that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. In the words of one of them: "We have not followed cunningly devised fables, but were eye-witnesses to his majesty." Says another of them: "We have heard, we have seen with our eyes, we have looked upon and our hands have handled the word of life." These are the ones who introduced the purest religion and morality ever known on the globe—a religion and a morality which is still vital and purifying to all modern civilization. The impeachment of their witness impeaches and makes foolish all who undertake it. "This is the record; we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Savior of the world." In all ancient literature that remains, despite the loud noise of modern infidelity, there is not a syllable of direct testimony to dispute this well-attested fact that at the time and place specified He came into the world. But suppose he did come; grant that he came to do what the witnesses say he came to do. Human history is full of the stories of adventurers who proposed to guarantee results, but their guarantees were insufficient. Then, it is pertinent to show that—

III. The christian assurances of salvation rest upon facts ample enough to be trusted. Not only is this saying, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," historical and "faithful," but "worthy of all acceptance." It is such a fact that if it be historical and well-attested, one may commit himself to it with utmost safety. For you will notice that it is not said, "About those days rose up Theudas, to whom a number of men, about four hundred, joined themselves; nor that after him rose up Judas of Galilee and drew much people after him;" nor is it announced to us that, in the year 131, Bar-cokeba rallied 200,000 Jews and proclaimed himself the Messiah. These men were not destitute of ability, but neither of them was worthy of all acceptance. The fact, historical and credible though it be, that they came into the world, is not a fact large enough, strong enough to bear up the processions of souls who would pass the great gulf from sin to holiness, from earth to heaven. "How can man be just with God?" It is the profoundest of all questions. How can an unclean soul become clean? "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death," from this bondage of my evil habits? What hands are able to keep my sinful spirit from sinking into the natural retributions that clamor for it, as it passes the valley of the shadow of death and is driven unwilling across the cold and dark river? Law reigns in all worlds. And law punishes; it does not save. Is there any fact to which I can point, any fact of Divine government and mercy, which is of such a character that I can step upon it with all my weight? This historical gospel says there is. And when you come to examine what the fact is which it proclaims, you will say it is strong enough to bear the weight of any burden you shall trustfully commit to it.

But, perhaps, as we begin to state it again, some one ruefully affirms: "I can believe that some very good, some quite extraordinary man came into the world in the days of Herod, but it does not seem to me possible that the Son of God Himself, perfect, infinite, almighty, came to save sinners." Then your objection is that the fact on which the christian assurances rest is too large, too ample, too strong. Suppose a ship going to pieces in a violent storm. A boat-load of passengers, after much toil, strikes what is evidently an inlet that glides

into a peaceful landing place. Bless God, say some of the passengers, this is the coast of our own California. No, no, I can believe, say others, that it is some little uninhabited island, far out in the Pacific ocean; we shall find nothing to eat, no passing ship will ever desecrate us; I can believe it is a little lonely island; I cannot think it is the warm, nourishing, ample bosom of the great continent, whence we came and where is our home. But the little lonely island theory is not the fact that the wrecked company want. They want the ample welcome of the continent. So a sinful race cannot be satisfied unless the historical event it relies upon is great and strong. It craves to hear it said, God has laid help on one who is mighty to save. The person who has come upon these shores of time and entered into the flesh and blood of our race is the "strong son of God." And this is the gospel saying. Christ Jesus came. The being who flew to our relief is one who has all power in heaven and on earth. When he came, he came not as a mere human child is born. When he walked in Galilee, the winds and seas obeyed him. When his body was laid in the grave, he broke the bonds of death and rose again. In power, in wisdom, in moral perfectness, in the love he bore, he was the Son—the only begotten Son of God. The advent of such a person upon human history is a fact "worthy of all acceptance." The man who has a burden to bear may step with all his weight upon that fact. It will bear him up. From the stormy wave and the perilous wreck I put my feet on the Rock; it is no solitary stone far out in the ocean, over which the spray falls pitiless with every restless turning of the barren sea. It is the rock that emerges, dry and warm, from the coast line of a continent—over it the trees wave and in its clefts the flowers and grasses grow; and, as I step upon it again, new life, health, glow and gladness come into my limbs and my heart. Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid in this fact of our Lord's advent into the world to save sinners, and one wonders that any should wish to lay any other. And this wonder increases when it comes to be shown that—

IV. The christian assurances of salvation, guaranteed, as they are, by one historical, credible and trustworthy fact, have been confirmed by every subsequent hour of human history. "For it is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Faithful and worthy, Paul would say, not in itself alone, but I, Paul, a chief of sinners, have found it so in my own experience. Christ Jesus not only came to save sinners, not only was he abundantly able to do it, but here, after thirty years have passed away, I testify to his having done it in my own life. Those thirty years of Paul's ministry had been full of illustrations of the power of the good news which he had preached. From Jerusalem and around by Illyricum to Rome, sinners had been saved—all kinds, all grades of sinful men had committed themselves to the apostolic saying, and had been kept from their own evil and the evil of the world; some of them had fallen asleep in hope of a glorious resurrection. Sixty generations have passed away since that time, and the power of that fact has never been known to fail in any single case in which there has been a sincere, hearty and full acceptance of it. The proclamation of it has always had a singular and blessed tendency to draw men to God and to duty, and to hope. Even at the very time and place at which the effort has been most zealous to make the evangelical "saying" appear unreliable and worn out, it has not seldom happened that the simple good news has shown an amazing energy. While Baur and Strauss, and Renan, and their numerous readers, have been engaged in proving that the old life-boat of the Christian church was not built by its reputed builders and is an untrustworthy vessel, which is fast going to pieces, that boat has put out again and again and brought in load after load of men who were ready to perish. So the years of these eighteen centuries have been filled up with instances of the transforming power of the historical, faithful and trustworthy saying, that in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king and of Augustus the Emperor, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. All the bloom and fruitage of Christian piety for these hundreds of years have their root in that fact.

(1.) The Christian religion, then, is primarily a fact, instead of a doctrine. In the ordinary use, at least, of the word doctrine, it indicates some system or theory of hu-

man speculation. It is dogma, a logical statement of what is orthodox opinion. In this sense doctrine is good; it is absurd to find fault with it in religion, as it would be in science of any name. But the christian religion comes to us primarily as a fact. At such and such a time certain great events occurred. Christ Jesus came. The early creeds were just running statements of this gospel history. "I believe in Jesus Christ, who was born of the virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, and rose again the third day."

(2.) A religion, which rests on facts, is a religion not easily shaken. Facts are stubborn. There they stand. Get by them, if you can. Deny them, if you will. What good does it do you? They stand just as before. Christ Jesus came into the world. If he did, then that fact abides. He who rests his soul upon it, rests upon an immovable basis. So you will find that the great onset of infidelity in our day is to cast doubt on the fact of his coming. If he came, nothing remains but to do what he says, for he is King and Savior, Teacher and Judge.

(3.) When we look at religion as a simple matter of fact, then we are led to give prominence to faith as trust in a person. It is not a judgment between two sets of opinions. It is the entrusting of the soul to a definite historical person. Christ Jesus came to save sinners. Then Christ Jesus is all in all to me. I see him, as he passes from place to place, in Galilee, Samaria and Judea. I hear him talk to the people. I listen to the gracious words which fall from his blessed lips. I witness his acts of benevolent miracle-working. The cross on which he died is nothing to me, for I am looking at Himself the wondrous Sufferer. It seems to me as if I could put my fingers in the prints of the nails, so distinct grows his risen form upon my sight. Is it hard, mysterious to trust him, to give him my love? My wants are many—the mystery of life is heavy to me. I crave some one who shall let me love him supremely and trust him utterly. Faith is confidence in a person; Christian faith is confidence in, whole-hearted commitment of oneself to that one adorable and perfect person, Christ Jesus.

(4.) If religion rest on such a fact, then it expects that they who receive it with all acceptance, will have assurance. If Jesus Christ came to save, he did not just make it barely possible to have forgiveness and eternal life. When he worked a miracle, he worked it on no principle of parsimony. If he fed the five thousand, there was not barely enough and nothing more—they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full. If he undertook to save us, we may be certain that he has not just done it and no more. We are not to be received back as bond servants, but with rings on our fingers. Poverty of reception into our father's favor and a studied reminding of our former prodigal character is not the favor which our Lord has purchased for us. He has done great things for us, and he expects us to show our appreciation by accepting them as great and glad things. He has come distinctly into our flesh, done his work right out plainly in the eye of history, he has made the fullest, freest offers that language can express—his whole manner is such as to disarm even our sense of guilt and our feeling of unworthiness, he bids us be at home and joyfully assured in his everlasting kingdom.

One question only He asks: and our theme asks it with searching emphasis—Have we received, do we now receive with "all acceptance," this faithful and trustworthy fact, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners? Do we commit ourselves to him with an humble, honest and cheerful purpose? If we do, that puts us in a covenant to which he abideth faithful. If we shall not accede to him then that will be a fact also, stubborn, but not blessed, written against us in the history of our probation—in the days of Herod, the Savior came to Bethlehem of Judah; worthy of trust and acceptance: many came to him; millions yielded to him, as the years and centuries went on, and were saved; but he came to you, and you received him not! If any are unsaved, it will be because the fact that they did not accept of Christ, cannot be wiped out of their biography. For whenever that fact has been finally settled, and registered as such against any human life, it only remains to say, as Pilate said of the inscription over the cross: "What is written, is written." It is an ugly fact. But it has passed into history. And it is beyond recall.

While many are disputing about religion, let me enjoy it.

Church Directory.

Congregational Churches and Ministers of the Pacific Coast.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO.

First Congregational Church.—Corner of California and Dupont Streets; Rev. A. C. Stone, P.D., Pastor. Sabbath School at the close of the morning service; L. B. Bencley, Superintendent.

Second Congregational Church.—Taylor Street, near Geary; Rev. J. A. Benton, Pastor. Sabbath School at the close of the morning service; E. D. Sawyer, Superintendent.

Third Congregational Church.—Fifteenth Street, near Mission; Rev. W. C. Pond, Acting Pastor. Sabbath School at 1 P. M.; Amasa Pratt, Superintendent.

Green Street Congregational Church.—Green Street, between Stockton and Powell; Rev. E. C. Russell, Pastor. Sabbath School at 1 P. M.; H. H. Lawrence, Superintendent.

South Park Congregational Church.—Corner of Silver and Third Streets; Rev. J. C. Russell, Acting Pastor. Sabbath School at 3 P. M.; E. F. Phillips, Superintendent.

Mariner's Church (unconnected).—Corner of Sacramento and Drumm Streets; Rev. J. C. Russell, Pastor. Sabbath School at 3 P. M.; E. N. Gill, Superintendent.

OAKLAND.

First Congregational Church.—Broadway, between Tenth and Eleventh Streets; Rev. George Moore, D.D., Pastor.

Second Congregational Church.—At the Point; Rev. E. Corwin, Pastor.

Haywards Congregational Church.—Rev. B. N. Seymour, Pastor.

SAN MATEO.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. A. M. Goodenough, Acting Pastor.

REDWOOD.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. R. B. Snowden, Acting Pastor.

PESADERO.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. M. Harker, Acting Pastor.

SANTA CRUZ.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. W. Froar, Pastor.

SOQUEL.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. W. A. Tenney, Acting Pastor.

SAN JUAN.

First Congregational Society.—Rev. W. L. Jones, Acting Pastor.

SANTA BARBARA.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. J. A. Johnson, Acting Pastor.

SATICOY.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

LOS ANGELES.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. I. W. Atherton, Acting Pastor.

SAN BERNARDINO.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

SAN BUENAVENTURA.

Congregational Church.—Rev. S. Bristol, Acting Pastor.

EUREKA.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

HYDESVILLE.

Congregational Church.—Rev. G. R. Ellis, Acting Pastor.

PETALUMA.

First Congregational Church.—Corner of Fifth and B Streets; Rev. E. S. Lippitt, Acting Pastor.

BENICIA.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. C. H. Pope, Acting Pastor.

CLAYTON.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

SOMERVILLE.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

NORTONVILLE.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

ANTIOCH.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. James Woods, Acting Pastor.

EDEN PLAIN.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. R. Graves, Acting Pastor.

RIO VISTA.

Congregational Society.—Rev. S. B. Dunton, in charge.

SACRAMENTO.

First Church of Christ.—Sixth Street, between I and J; Rev. I. E. Dwyer, D.D., Pastor.

CACHE CREEK.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. T. Thacher, Pastor.

CHICO.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. J. M. Woodman, Acting Pastor.

OROVILLE.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

DOWNSVILLE.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

NEVADA.

First Congregational Church.—Corner of Church and Main Streets; Rev. A. Parker, Acting Pastor.

GRASS VALLEY.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. T. G. Thurston, Acting Pastor.

DUTCH FLAT.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

LINCOLN.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. J. N. Hubbard, Acting Pastor.

FOLSOM.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

EL DORADO.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

COLOMA.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

MOKELUMNE HILL.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

SAN ANDREAS.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

MURPHYS.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. J. W. Brier, Acting Pastor.

COPPERPOPLIS.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. J. W. Brier, Acting Pastor.

STOCKTON.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. J. A. Daly, Pastor.

POLAND.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. J. J. Powell, Acting Pastor.

LOCKEPOD.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. J. J. Powell, Acting Pastor.

WOODBRIDGE.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. J. J. Powell, in charge.

CLOVERDALE.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. J. S. Burger, Acting Pastor.

Rev. M. Kellogg, Professor in College of California.

Rev. J. H. Warren, Agent of A. H. M. Society, San Francisco.

Rev. J. P. Moore, City Missionary, San Francisco.

Rev. W. C. Bartlett, Editor, San Francisco.

Rev. E. G. Beckwith, Teacher, Oakland.

Rev. V. B. Bunker, Editor, Oakland.

Rev. J. E. Benton, Editor, Oakland.

Rev. H. Cummings, without charge, Petaluma.

Rev. M. B. Starr, Los Angeles.

OREGON.

ASTORIA.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. D. B. Gray, Acting Pastor.

PORTLAND.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. G. H. Atkinson, D.D., Pastor.

OREGON CITY.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. E. Gerry, Acting Pastor.

SALEM.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. P. S. Knight, Pastor.

ALBANY.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. J. F. Damon, Acting Pastor.

FOREST GROVE.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

HILLSBORO.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. E. Walker, Acting Pastor.

DALLAS.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. T. Condon, Acting Pastor.

Rev. S. H. Marsh, D.D., President of Pacific University, Forest Grove.

Rev. O. Dickinson, Agent, Salem.

Rev. D. A. Miles, without charge.

WASHINGTON.

WALLA WALLA.

First Congregational Church.—Rev. F. B. Chamberlain, Acting Pastor.

Rev. C. E. Little, Missionary, Teacher, Walla Walla.

Rev. C. A. Huntington, Missionary, Olympia.

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Howard Presbyterian Church.—Mission Street, between Third and Fourth; Rev. H. M. Souder, D.D., Pastor. Sabbath School, 9 A. M.; W. L. Palmer, Superintendent.

Westminster Presbyterian Church.—Fifth Street, near Taylor; Rev. A. H. Scott, Pastor. Preaching at 7 o'clock P. M.; Sabbath School, 1 P. M.; Charles Geddes, Superintendent.

Emmanuel Presbyterian Church.—Corner of Folsom and Seventh Streets; Rev. J. P. Grant, Acting Pastor. Sabbath School at 2 P. M.; Superintendent, Rev. I. N. Hard, Acting Pastor.

OAKLAND.

First Presbyterian Church.—Broadway, between Tenth and Eleventh Streets; Rev. —, Pastor.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. F. L. Nash, Pastor.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. G. Pierson, Pastor.

SAN LEANDRO.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. J. M. Alexander, Pastor. Sabbath School, 9 A. M.; W. F. B. Lynch, Acting Pastor.

CENTREVILLE.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. W. F. B. Lynch, Acting Pastor.

SAN JOSE.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. J. S. Wylie, Pastor.

SANTA CLARA.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. L. P. Webber, Acting Pastor.

WATSONVILLE.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. J. J. Compton, Acting Pastor.

GILROY.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. J. H. McLaughlin, Acting Pastor.

SONOMA.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. C. F. Dewing, Acting Pastor.

COLUMBIA.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. C. F. Dewing, Acting Pastor.

PLACERVILLE.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. J. R. Hammond, Pastor.

MARYSVILLE.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. W. McKel, D.D., Pastor.

RED BLUFF.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

MENDOCINO.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. S. F. Whiting, Acting Pastor.

Rev. S. H. Wylie, College of California, Oakland.

Rev. I. H. Brayton, Principal of College School, Oakland.

Rev. H. Duran, Professor, Oakland.

Rev. P. McClure, Teacher, Oakland.

Rev. S. S. Harmon, Teacher, Oakland.

Rev. E. B. Walworth, D.D., President Female College of the Pacific, O. Cal.

Rev. W. W. Brier, Centerville.

NEVADA.

VIRGINIA.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. —, Acting Pastor.

CARSON.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. J. Fraser, Acting Pastor.

AUSTIN.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. A. M. Stewart, Acting Pastor.

Rev. A. F. White, Carson, State Geologist.

PRESBYTERIAN, O. S. Churches and Ministers of the Pacific Coast.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO.

First Presbyterian Church.—Stockton Street, bet. Washington and Clay; Rev. James Ellis, D.D., Pastor. Sabbath School at 1 P. M.; R. J. Trumbull, Superintendent.

Culinary Presbyterian Church.—Bass Street, near Montgomery; Rev. C. Wadsworth, D.D., Pastor. Sabbath School at 9 A. M.; J. B. Roberts, Superintendent.

Central Presbyterian Church.—Mission Street, between Fifth and Sixth; Rev. J. G. Fackler, Pastor. Sabbath School at 9 A. M.; Stephen J. Fackler, Superintendent.

Larkin Street Presbyterian Church.—Corner of Larkin and Pacific Streets; Rev. J. H. McLaughlin, Pastor. Sabbath School at the close of the morning service; Charles Cook, Superintendent.

Preaching Station.—Corner Twenty-second and Folsom Streets; Rev. J. H. Marsh, in charge.

BENICIA.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. S. Woodbridge, D.D., Pastor.

VALLEJO.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. N. B. Klink, Acting Pastor.

NAPA.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. R. Wylie, Pastor.

BLOOMFIELD.

Big Valley Presbyterian Church.—Rev. L. Thompson, Acting Pastor.

SANTA ROSA.

First Presbyterian Church.—Rev. T. Fraser, Acting Pastor.

Literary Notices.

"Which Wins, by the author of Robert Joy's Victory, etc.," is published by Henry Hoyt, Boston, and is for sale in this city by C. Beach, 34 Montgomery street. This is an English story. Two of its characters show that "true religion, faith in Christ and love to Him are compatible with a truly earnest, manly life everywhere." We should think this proposition might bear a stronger statement. True religion is not only compatible with a manly, earnest life, it is incompatible with any other style of life. We should pronounce this one of the better sort of the Sunday School narratives so much in request now. It is brought out in the usual excellent manner of the enterprising publisher.

"Planchette, or the Despair of Science, being a full account of modern Spiritualism, its phenomena and the various theories regarding it, with a survey of French Spiritism." Handy-Volume Series, No. III. For sale in San Francisco by A. Roman & Co. Planchette is only, as the author says, "a convenient sign-post" to the main matter occupied in this extremely tidy volume. The author takes advantage of the very wide interest in that toy to lay open the subject of spiritism. The book is dedicated to a prominent Unitarian minister, "Rev. W. M."—we suppose Mr. Mountford is the minister intended. The author, "E. S.," whoever he may be, has amassed and compressed a good deal of testimony and narrative concerning the unfathomably puzzling phenomena which he discusses. If one deems it his duty to know what the claims of spiritism are, we are not aware of any single book in which they are better presented than in this. The book is well written. It seems to be earnest and sincere. It admits not only, but freely avows the spiritist origin of witchcraft, ancient and modern. It does not hesitate to include the Chinese spirit-writing as among the genuine phenomena of this old religion. On what grounds great light in regard to the immortality and eternal life of the soul is to be expected we know not, but such light is confidently claimed and anticipated. But what light there is as yet seems dim and ghastly, to our mind, by the side of that which shines in the Gospel of Christ.

Roman & Co. have also Cassell's new, cheap, and convenient "Representative Biographies." The one before us is "Queen Victoria." It tells all most Americans, at least, will be anxious to know concerning the Queen of England. It tells this, too, in the manner of loyal and affectionate reverence with which the average mind of the better class of Englishmen regards Her Majesty.

We are indebted to Mr. W. E. Loomis for the March issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Hours at Home*. We turned at once to the New Chapter of Christian Evidences, which the Boston Monthly Supplies. It is proposed to show from a comparison of Christianity and Ethnical religions—Ethnic is a euphemism for heathen—that while the latter are (1) religions of races, it alone is a catholic religion, (2) they are one-sided, it is complete on every side, (3) they are transitory or liable to degenerate, it is progressive. Why this should be called an "original" argument passes our understanding. That christianity did not wait for such a survey of Ethnical religions before it claimed faith and obedience, is manifest. Still, with proper caution the series of articles on this subject ought to provoke inquiry and be rich in suggestions. We believe it will yield fresh convictions of the indestructible and victorious nature of the Christian system. We have had time to read the sketch of Emile De Gerardin in *Hours at Home*. It describes a man, decidedly brother of the men who made the revolution. We are not able to admire the character sketched so well as Prof. Wells does, who gives it to us. But we like exceedingly to know about the career and character of one, who has wielded so great a journalistic power in the French nation.

The April number of the *California Medical Gazette*, published by A. Roman & Co., is unusually full of topics of interest to the profession.

We receive the *Musical Pioneer* of F. J. Huntington & Co., New York. It is a little thing, a monthly, at the cost of a half dollar yearly. One may always find good hints and some new tunes in each number.

Demorest's *Young America* is a juvenile magazine, which contents itself with short articles and simpler illustrations than are the fashion in most of the children's periodicals. It is also cheaper, \$1.50 a year.

Blackwood's in the American republication by Leonard Scott & Co., for January has just come to hand. Its leading articles are Kinglake's History of the War in the Crimea; Christian Missions to India; Gain or Loss; The Statistics of the Campaign—the latter being a Tory summing up of the recent Liberal triumph in Great Britain.

We have received from Geo. Wm. McLellan a letter of the Post Master General, including Mr. G. G. Hubbard's Report on the establishment of the Postal Telegraph.

The *Prairie Farmer*, of Chicago, is an excellent paper of its class, and its *Prairie Farmer Annual* contains a large amount of valuable suggestions on many topics in Agriculture and Horticulture. The Annual is well furnished with pictorial illustrations.

The prince of Periodicals devoted to Horticulture is *Tilton's Journal of Horticulture and Floral Magazine*, published in Boston, by Tilton & Co., price \$3 a year. The Magazine of Horticulture, edited and published for nearly forty years by C. M. Hovey, has been united with this journal under the above title, Mr. Hovey giving his great experience to the united Magazine. One of its charms is the clear white paper and perfect type used in its pages.

The *Sabbath at Home*, for March, continues Mr. Gage's Studies in Bible Lands; and has a very pleasant account of the recent discoveries in Jerusalem; with its usual merit in other Sketches and in Stories for the Home Circle.

The enterprising firm, H. H. Bancroft & Co., of this city, has commenced the publication of the *Literary Bulletin*, the first number of which has come to hand. It is fully what it purports to be—a monthly record of current literature.

The leading article in the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*, by the same House, bears the title, Medical History of the year 1868, by Dr. Logan, Sacramento.

We lately gave in our columns a vivacious account of the two Campbells, father and son, founders of the denomination which popularly bears their name. We are very glad to welcome this week the first number of a new quarterly, issued under the auspices of this branch of the Christian church. This quarterly will not suffer in comparison with any other published in our country, as far, at least, as its typographical appearance is concerned. Its page is broad, clean, neat, inviting to the eye. The literary character of this number is higher than we should, with our limited knowledge of the Disciples, have expected. The range of topics is wider also. It is well that this denomination should assume the responsibilities belonging to a companion with the scholarly literature of other churches. Its leaders will not be so insulated as heretofore. They will learn probably that all truth is not with them; and others will have an opportunity to learn from them the secret of the undeniably great success which has attended the short career of this body of Christians. The quarterly is named *The Christian Quarterly*, and is published by R. W. Carroll & Co. at \$4 per year.

Literary Intelligence.

Dean Stanley intends to prepare another volume of Jewish History, reaching to the advent of our Savior, and said that perhaps five years would elapse before it will appear in print.

A little boy, thirteen years old, at Sherman Mills, Aroostook Co., Me., son of an old friend at Andover Theological Seminary, edits a little monthly paper called *The Voice*, for fifty cents a year. His name is Willie Washburne Sleeper, and he has indeed, as an exchange says, "hosts of friends who never saw him, but who want to help him sustain his bright little newspaper, and get from it the means of obtaining a good education." The little fellow has got 2,000 subscribers.

In the action brought by Charles Reade, the English novelist, against the *Round Table*, for alleged libel in certain severe criticisms upon *Griffith Gaunt*, a verdict for the plaintiff, with an award of six cents damages.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's *Life of Jesus Christ*, to be published by J. B. Ford & Co., and sold by subscription, is expected to be ready for sale in May next. It is to be published in two styles—the Plain, having four maps from the best and latest authorities; and a frontispiece engraved from a copy of the "Head of Christ" from Da Vinci's "Last Supper"—and the Illustrated edition, containing numerous engravings and cuts from new and original drawings.



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SAN FRANCISCO:

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 15, 1869.

Communications intended for publication in *The Pacific* should be addressed to "Editors of *The Pacific*," No. 409 Washington Street, opposite the Post Office.

The question, what is to become of the Mormons, now that the great Pacific Railway is about to send its daily trains thundering by their doors, loaded with the refinement, christian culture, and business enterprise of East and West, is a question that a great many are asking without satisfactory response. Doubtless, something will "become of them." They cannot remain in their present abnormal condition for a long time under the new circumstances. Their wealth, their fine location and improvements on the one hand, will tempt the cupidity of the unscrupulous, whom railroad employment, and mining excitements have brought in swarms almost as numerous as the locusts of Egypt upon them. And, on the other hand, their heathenish system of polygamy and other un-American institutions, that are necessarily brought into greater prominence, will compel some Governmental action looking to their suppression. It would seem that between the upper and nether millstone of the raids of the lawless, and the enforcements of the law, this people of the desert must be crushed. Perhaps it was due to the foresight of the Mormon leader that the great tide of travel was diverted from his little paradise, and forced to find its channel at least a dozen hard miles away. But this will not prevent the upspringing of a contiguous city of strangers, who know not Brigham, and who will be thorns in the sides of the very unorthodox "saints." To fly or to submit seems to be their destiny.

The current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, contains the address of Prof. Huxley, delivered at Edinburgh, last autumn, on the "Basis of Life." It has attracted much attention, both on account of interest in the man and in his subject. Prof. Huxley has few superiors in his grasp and treatment of scientific subjects. He deprecates, in this address, being called a "materialist," and seeks to place himself in that much coveted, but unattainable position, of one unprejudiced whether in respect to his subject or his auditory. The Professor admits the facts of the materialists, and will doubtless be claimed by them as *facile princeps* in their list of champions. According to Prof. Huxley, there is a semi-fluid material—protoplasm—present in all things that have life, either vegetable or animal. This is the basis of life. There are always four elements in it—carbon, nitrogen, oxygen and hydrogen. The Professor's theory is that, as when you pass an electric spark through hydrogen and oxygen, properly mixed, water is produced, so were some similar agency passed through the elementary materials of protoplasm, or the basis of life, an equivalent weight of the matter of life would make its appearance. The christian philosopher might see nothing so very frightful in this, but Prof. Huxley says, in the connection: "I bid you beware that in accepting these conclusions, you are placing your feet on the first rung of a ladder, which, in most people's estimation, is the reverse of Jacob's, and leads to the antipodes of Heaven." On the contrary, we are thankful to the Professor for bringing us so near to Heaven and the hand of our Heavenly Father. We never expect to see that hand operating on matter in this world, but none the less shall we believe that it is that which furnishes to all living things their vital force. In Him we live, move, and have our being.

Our brethren of the M. E. Church of the United States are about to be called upon, in the month of June next, to decide, by vote, the important question whether laymen shall be admitted as delegates to their Conferences. All members in full connection and over twenty-one years of age, are invited to deposit their ballots "For Lay Delegation," or "Against Lay Delegation," sometime during that month. If the question is decided in favor of lay delegation by a majority of church members, and by three-fourths of the members of the Annual Conference, then it will go up to the General Conference, to be held in 1872; and if approved by a two-thirds vote there, will become an organic law of the M. E. Church. It is rather more than probable that the question will be decided in the affirmative. Having been agitated for more

than forty years with an ever-increasing party in its favor; having been petitioned for in the General Conference of 1868 by over 25,000 persons; having been already adopted by the M. E. Church, South, with good results; being supported by many of the ablest papers and periodicals of the denomination; being demanded by the new conditions into which the M. E. Church has come by its unexampled growth and prosperity during the last half century; being demanded by the spirit of the age no less than by the spirit of Christianity, we expect to see this grand movement prevail and this powerful organization come into closer harmony with other branches of the one Church.

We call the attention of our readers to an article on our first page relating to the noble work of the California Prison Commission. This institution has not yet found that place in the interest and charitable contributions of the public which it deserves. There are many matters of a moral and eleemosynary character connected with our penal institutions which cannot consistently be left by a christian people to take care of themselves, or to be taken care of by those whose object, at best, can be simply to do their duty to the State of which they are the public servants. We cannot expect that the State will give religious instruction to its convicts unless such instruction be demanded or at least proffered by christian people. We cannot expect that the State will introduce reforms in the direction of a more discriminate and christian treatment of its criminals any faster than they are demanded by an enlightened public sentiment. For these ends and others of equal importance an organization like our Prison Commission seems indispensable. It has already done much, and all that has hindered it from doing much more has been the want of sympathy and material aid. We shall not be satisfied here in California, unless our prison system shall compare favorably with that of any State or country on the earth. We wish to have the latest improvements and the results of the highest experience introduced. We wish to have the evils of the present system fully ventilated. We wish to have urged upon our Legislators, our State Prison officials, and especially upon the people in public meetings, anything which may be thought an improvement in the treatment of this wretched class of beings that cost the world so much in misery and suffering. Therefore, let us support that institution among us which seeks to accomplish all this.

An effort has been made in Massachusetts to induce the Legislature to sanction the opening of free public libraries on the Sabbath, but it failed by a vote of 22 to 11 to command their approval. The *New York Tribune*, commenting upon the fact, says that the decision is a wise one. The reasons on which it bases its unexpected support of the friends of a Christian Sabbath are not of the highest order, but will weigh, perhaps, with the mass of men as much as any other. It says: "The largest liberty is already allowed to those who desire to borrow books, which are loaned without money and without price; whoever desires to borrow a book on Saturday for the purpose of reading it on Sunday can do so. A person who cares so little for reading that he will not take the trouble to provide himself on Saturday with reading for Sunday, might like to lounge in the reading rooms on Sunday, but we see no good reason why he should be accommodated at the expense of others. Librarians need the repose of the Sabbath." The *Tribune* should see that this universal demand of our physical natures for a day of rest, each week, suggests something more than simple physical inactivity, and renders probable the propriety of the claim of a Christian Sabbath upon all the people.

Death of Rev. Prof. I. H. Brayton, M. A.

The Rev. I. H. Brayton, Principal of the College School at Oakland, died in Nevada City of pulmonary consumption, April 12th, 1869, at the age of 44 years. The father of Mr. Brayton, an aged man, and much beloved, died suddenly in Oakland about a year ago. The son was at that time in rather feeble health, but still able to attend to a great deal of business. He was then, however, attempting too much, and his labors were wearing him out, as he afterwards saw. About nine months ago he gave the charge of the school itself into other hands, but superintended his other business several months longer. It has been apparent to others, and even to himself, for many weeks, that he had not long to

live. A month ago he made the voyage to San Diego, in search of relief for his cough in a more soft and genial climate. The benefit was scarcely perceptible, and he returned to this city, and started for Grass Valley with failing strength. On the way thither he sank peacefully into the arms of death.

Mr. Brayton was born in Watertown, Jefferson county, New York. He was named after his uncle, who was a clergyman. He graduated at Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., in the year 1846, with a good standing in his class, as a scholar, man, gentleman, and Christian. He pursued his professional studies at the Auburn Theological Seminary, in his native State. He came to this State fresh from his studies. He made the voyage around Cape Horn, and landed in this State in the winter of 1851. In the spring of that year he succeeded the Rev. J. W. Douglass as pastor of the Presbyterian church in San José. In the spring of 1852 he was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in Marysville. The writer of this notice had the pleasure of assisting at his installation in that city in August, 1852. His ill health compelled him to leave Marysville in 1853. He then went to the East for a series of months, and was married in New Jersey. His wife and one child, a few years old, survive him. Having returned to this State, he supplied the pulpit of the First Congregational church in this city about one year. In 1856 he became the editor of *THE PACIFIC*, and held this position during the exciting times of the Vigilance Committee. He wielded a vigorous pen, took a bold position, and maintained it with marked success. His connection with this paper continued for several years.

Afterwards he became connected with the College School at Oakland, where the chief work of his life has been accomplished. For several years he has held the office of Professor of Rhetoric in the College of California, of which he has been a warm friend from the first. The College School has grown into large proportions and achieved an excellent reputation under his care and ownership. It is a worthy monument to him.

At this late hour we can give only this hurried recital of some of the events of Mr. Brayton's life during the eighteen years of his residence in this State. We cannot now express our sense of his worth, or of our loss in his departure. We have known and loved him long. A former resident of this city used to say, that when Mr. Brayton had tarried with him he felt that he had entertained an angel. The sweetness of his disposition, the benevolence of his character, the gentleness of his manner, the sincerity of his religion, and the general loveliness, beauty and nobleness of his life were obvious to all men. To those who knew him intimately he showed marked traits of character and most enduring qualities. He is at rest. We are deeply moved. We profoundly mourn. Yet even on the clouds of our grief breaks the sunshine of joy.

The College and the University.

Important action is about to be taken by the Trustees of the College of California, in which the friends of education and of religion generally, are much interested. We trust that this action will be such as to be favorable to the progress both of pure religion and of sound learning among us, but we must confess that we have our anxieties.

One hundred and sixty acres of land, worth, it is said, at present, \$160,000, have already been transferred by the College Trustees to the Regents of the University. At their last meeting the Board of Regents passed a resolution expressing their "readiness to conclude the transactions" by which the College and "its effects" were to be passed over to the University. We have no doubt that the gentlemen of the Board of Regents, considered that they were acting herein for the best interests of the University, and also in accordance with the spirit of the Trustees of the College, when they offered to them, on compliance with certain conditions, the gift of their valuable property. We hope, however, that the Trustees, in view of the great interests involved and for the sake of the large and important constituency which they represent, will not act hastily in the matter.

There can be no question that, legally, the Trustees are not bound to make a transfer of all their property and to disincorporate, at the present time. The conditions upon which it was proposed at first to make this surrender have not been complied with. A University has not been organized and put in operation upon the proposed site, including "a

College of Mines, a College of Civil Engineering, a College of Agriculture, a College of Agriculture and an Agricultural College, all of the same grade, and with courses of instruction equal to those of Eastern Colleges." In the original resolutions of the Trustees looking to the ultimate transfer of property that point seems to have been well guarded, as considering their sacred trust it ought to have been, to prevent the giving up of the College until the University was planted on a secure and satisfactory basis.

The question, however, might arise whether in view of the necessities of the University and their own necessities, and considering the favors the College has already received at the hands of the Regents, and others promised, there is not a moral obligation resting upon the Trustees making the contemplated transfer needful and best at the present time. As it seems to us there may be an apparent conflict of moral obligations pressing from different quarters, and it would be well for the Trustees carefully to avoid hasty or ill-considered action. If it were our privilege to make suggestions to the Board of Trustees, we should suggest and question whether the transfer of property already made does not relieve them of any and all obligation to do more until the original terms of their stipulations are complied with. We should ask whether property acquired by the College since the transfer was proposed is to be included in the final surrender of its effects to the University; whether the vote promising disincorporation and a surrender of property was a unanimous vote of the whole Board, and whether it would not need to be to make it binding in law; what the Trustees mean by the words "after discharging all its debts;" whether they mean to include what is due to those who have contributed to the funds of the College with the expectation and pledge that it would be continued as a College on the foundation of the "Organic Basis."

Moreover, we should desire most respectfully to call the attention of the Trustees to this "Organic Basis," published in catalogues and other public documents of the College for the last twelve years, and made the basis of appeals for aid, and the pledge of security to those who have made the College their beneficiary. Have its definite statements been duly weighed by these gentlemen who have been put in charge of this important institution?

A part of the preamble reads: "In accordance with these considerations, and in order that the Institution may never come under the control of Church or State, or any branch of the one or denomination of the other, they adopt the following Organic Rules." The same preamble declares, too, that the "College of California is an institution designed by its founders to furnish the means of a thorough and comprehensive education under the pervading influence and spirit of the Christian religion." Now, what provision has been made to meet the claims of those who have hitherto contributed to the support of the College on the ground of these definite statements of its objects, and of the pledges of the Trustees to commit themselves to these objects, and so far as was in their power to commit their successors to them to the end of time?

We desire to put nothing in the way of the proposed University. Our earnest wish from the beginning, has been that it might be fostered by a universal interest and support. But notwithstanding, we cannot under the circumstances, recommend that the Trustees of the College, at the present time, allow their vested rights and valuable property to pass from their hands. Let not too much be risked on what the best friend of the University must regard as still but an experiment.

Religious Intelligence.

The West.

The Eastern papers say that Rev. Dr. Ellis accepts the call of his former church (Second Presbyterian at Cleveland) provided his church and Presbytery in California, consent to his removal. In connection with this, we learn that Dr. Ellis has tendered his resignation, and that the session have reluctantly accepted it. The health of his wife is mentioned as one of the principal motives for removal. Dr. Ellis will be greatly missed. He has strongly attached himself not only to his own people, but to the entire christian community.

A large and interesting meeting of the City Missionary Society was held in the First Congregational Church, last Sunday evening. Mr. Moore's Re-

port was a telling one, drawing tears from many eyes. Mr. Samuel Pillsbury also presented a report, and short addresses were made by Messrs. Pond, Benton, and Stone.

The following summary of missionary work we take from the Report of the City Missionary: "We have distributed 30,707 tracts, 2,435 leaflets, 5,430 books, 279 Bibles, 165 Testaments, 967 magazines, and 16,800 papers. One hundred and two religious meetings have been held; sixty persons induced to attend church; one Sabbath School has been organized; twenty hopeful conversions; four temperance pledges obtained; nineteen hundred and six visits (exclusive of visits to hospital); eight hundred and thirty-four persons relieved; employment obtained for one hundred and one; fifty-seven supplied with medical attendance; fourteen furnished passage home or to their friends; two thousand and ninety-nine articles of clothing furnished to destitute. I would here state that we have received for three-fourths of the year, 491 new garments from the sewing societies of the churches, as follows: First church, 287; Second church, 58; Third church, 109; Fourth church, 37."

The basement of the new Calvary Presbyterian Church was occupied for the first time last Sabbath morning. The services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, assisted by Rev. Mr. Veeder. After a fervent prayer by Dr. Wadsworth, the 84th Psalm was read by the Rev. Mr. Veeder—"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" etc. The pastor's sermon was based upon the closing words of the 17th verse of the 28th chapter of Genesis—"The house of God the gate of heaven." A large collection was taken up in behalf of the Board of Church Extension.

The pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church was occupied last Sabbath, morning and evening, by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Ellis. The theme of the morning service can be found in 1st Peter, ii. 4, 5—"To whom coming as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God and precious, ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." During the exposition of the passage quoted, Dr. Ellis took occasion to allude very pointedly to the remarks made on the Sabbath previous by a city pastor, respecting the Divinity of Christ, and to which reference was made by us in *THE PACIFIC*, last week. Dr. Ellis' discourse in the evening was the last of a series of Sabbath Evening Lectures to Men in Middle Life, and which have attracted much attention.

The following paragraph is from a letter, recently received by a friend of our new Theological Seminary, written by a lady residing in Eastern Massachusetts. "I hope you will impress upon the students, in season and out of season, the importance of elocution, or good enunciation, at least. We have been trying ministers, as candidates for the pastoral office, for a year and a half, and have heard a large number of them. I have been annoyed beyond measure by the bad speaking and reading of the majority of them. The Scriptures have been murdered and the hymns more than murdered. I think that the poorest readers have been the last graduates of Andover." We hope our friends in that eminent "School of the prophets" will heed this criticism, by the way of a far country, and apply the needed remedy.

Rev. A. H. Sloat, lately acting pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Virginia, Nevada, is serving the people of the Westminster Presbyterian church, of this city.

We have been favored with the reading of a paragraph in a private letter from the venerable Dr. Pond of Bangor, Maine, to his son Rev. W. C. Pond of this city, in which he says—"I receive your *Pacific* regularly, and read it with great interest. I seem to feel at home in all your religious affairs. It is exceedingly well conducted, and is a credit to your churches."

Rev. Wm. C. Pond was duly installed pastor of the Third Congregational church of this city, on Thursday evening, April 8th. The Council in the afternoon previous, moved rather slowly in consequence of its being a Council to dismiss and to install. The Petaluma church was represented by no delegate. Mr. Pond's examination showed a careful elaboration of his theological tenets and when he differed from the Council, as he did on some points flatly, he was fully prepared to defend himself. The order of installation exercises was: Introductory, Bissell; Sermon, Stone; Installing

prayer; Mobbs; Charge to pastor, Dwinell; Right Hand, Benton; Address to the people, Beckwith. Dr. Dwinell was Moderator, Rev. B. N. Seymour, Seribbe. The singing by a select choir under the direction of Gustave Scott, was very fine. The services lasted till ten o'clock.

The report of the Treasurer of the San Francisco Missionary Society, L. B. Benchley, shows the receipts for the year to have been \$3,243 20, and the expenditures \$3,213 87, leaving a balance in the Treasury of \$29 33.

A gentleman in our office the other day, a well known ranch-man of Contra Costa Co., said that he had tried for two years to pay five dollars for *THE PACIFIC*—one dollar more than the subscription price—but both times was defeated, the surplus dollar being returned to him. We hope that if there are any others similarly inclined they will not feel discouraged by our friend's want of success. We have occasion to send a great many copies of *THE PACIFIC* to persons and families that do not feel able to pay for it, and should be happy if our appreciative and "well-to-do" friends would enable us to do the good we desire to do in this direction.

It is expected that Rev. Mr. Winslow will relieve Rev. G. R. Ellis of his charge of the Congregational church at Eel River, Humboldt Co., Mr. Ellis coming to the city to pursue his theological studies under Mr. Benton in the new Theological Seminary.

The meeting of the Bay Association at San Mateo, April 6th, was fully attended, there being eighteen ministers present. The literary exercises, consisting of plans of sermons, an essay on the Intermediate State by Rev. J. Rowell, and a sermon by Rev. Mr. Tenney, passed off creditably. Reports from the churches showed not much change. Some churches reported the necessity of enlargement to accommodate their growing congregations. The hospitality of the San Mateo people did not seem at all strained by the sudden pressure made upon it. The Association was royally entertained at dinner, by Miss Buckmaster, of the Laurel Hall Institute. The new chapel is an architectural gem, set during these Spring months, in a coronet of flowers.

Since March 1st, 1868, six Congregational churches have been organized in this State, with an aggregate membership of sixty persons. Nine church edifices have been built. Six of which are finished and the three others are nearly ready for dedication. Besides these nine, two that were commenced the year previous were finished and dedicated during the present year. The aggregate cost of these eleven churches exceeds \$40,000, debt on same not over \$5,000. The Home Missionary churches, twenty-nine in number, have contributed to benevolent objects \$555, for current expenses \$9,000, for church buildings, debts, repairs, etc \$29,000. During the last five years twenty-eight churches have been organized, of which nine are self supporting, twenty church edifices built and three parsonages, at a cost of over \$80,000, three young men licensed to preach, four ordained, eight installed. Besides current expenses, church building, debts, etc., these same churches gave last year to benevolent purposes \$1,400. Of the forty-five Congregational churches in California, thirty-six were organized under the auspices of the A. H. M. S. Only eight of the forty-five have worked on without Home Missionary help. Twenty-five of these once Missionary churches have edifices of worship and five have parsonages.

Rev. C. H. Pope has accepted the call tendered him by the Congregational church in Benicia and will be installed at an early day.

We understand that Rev. J. S. Wyley has retired from the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in San José. The church edifice is now undergoing repairs.

The Eden Plain Cong. church edifice is to be dedicated next Sunday. Rev. Messrs. Woods, Warren, Rowell and Graves will take part in the services.

The installation of Rev. J. M. Newell over the Presbyterian church in Placerville took place on last Sabbath at 11 o'clock A. M. Rev. Dr. McKaig preached the sermon; Rev. A. F. White delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. C. S. Dewing the address to the people. The Presbytery assembled on the Saturday evening previous for the transaction of necessary preliminary business.

Rev. J. A. Johnson has resigned his pastorate of the Congregational Church in Santa Barbara, preached his farewell sermon, sold his concrete, and may be expected to leave that quarter of the world before long.

San Francisco.

Home Circle.

Howard at Atlanta.

Right on the track where Sherman
Ploughed his red furrow,
Out of the narrow cabin,
Up from the cellar's burrow,
Gathered the little black people,
With freedom newly dowered,
Where, beside their Northern teacher,
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children
Of the poor and long-enslaved
Reading the words of Jesus,
Singing the songs of David.
Behold! the dumb lips speaking,
The blind eyes seeing—
Bones of the Prophet's vision
Warmed into being!

Transformed he saw them passing
Their new life's portal;
Almost it seemed the mortal
Put on the immortal.
No more with the beasts of burden,
No more with stone and clod,
But crowned with glory and honor
In the image of God!

There was the human chattel
His manhood taking;
There, in each dark, bronze statue,
A soul was waking!
The man of many battles,
With tears his eyelids pressing,
Stretched out those dusty foreheads
His one-armed blessing.

And he said: "Who hears can never
Fear or doubt you;
What shall I tell the children
Up North about you?"
Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,
Some answer devising;
And a little boy stood up: "Massa,
Tell 'em we're rising."

O black boy of Atlanta!
But half was spoken;
The slave's chain and the master's
Alike are broken.
The one curse of the races
Held both in either;
They are rising—all are rising,
The black and white together!

O brave men and fair women!
Ill comes of hate and scorn;
Shall the dark faces only
Be turned to mourning?
Make time your sole avenger,
All-healing, all-dressing;
Meet Fate half-way, and make it
A joy and blessing!

—Whittier, in the Atlantic Monthly for March.

The Blacksmith of Regensburg.

A TRUE STORY.

There is a village called Regensburg in the Principality of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, where some twenty odd years ago, the following stirring and heart-rending occurrence took place.

It was in the afternoon, during spring or harvest, my kind informant was not certain which, when there were seated in the public room of the tavern many men and women of Regensburg, engaged in quietly chatting with each other, no one of them dreaming of the fearful and terrible event which was to take place that day. The Blacksmith also was sitting in the cheerful crowd—a stout, robust man, with a very brave look, but at the same time with such a pleasant smile upon his lips, that every one who saw him was obliged to love him. Every tricky fellow kept out of his way; for the brave Blacksmith would tolerate no injustice or wickedness; and it was poor policy to quarrel with him. His arms were like bars of iron, and his fists like sledge hammers. There were few men who were equal to him in bodily strength.

The brave Blacksmith was sitting not far from the door, chatting with a neighbor, about I know not what. Suddenly the door sprang open, and a great dog came staggering into the room; a great strong, powerful dog, with an ugly, terrible face. He held his head down, with his dreadful, burning-red eyes, his mouth was open wide, his lead-colored tongue was hanging out, and his tail was squeezed between his hind legs. In this way the animal came into the room, which had no other mode of egress than the one door. Scarcely had the Blacksmith's neighbor, it was the Barber of the place, seen the animal, when he became pale as death, as white as the lime on the wall, and springing up cried out in a voice of terror: "Lord Jesus have mercy upon us. People! the dog is mad!"

Picture the terror! The room was nearly full of men and women, and the mad animal stood in front of the only door, so that no one could leave without passing by him. The beast began to snap wildly on the right and the left, and it was impossible for any one to pass him without being bitten. Then there was an agonizing scream of terror. Every one sprang up and moved backwards, looking with a staring gaze full of mortal fright at the mad dog. Who could protect them from him?

Then the Blacksmith arose, and when he saw the mortal fright that had seized every one, and it occurred to him, as quick as lightning, how many happy people might be made inconceivably miserable by the raging animal, he determined to do that which has scarcely its like in magnanimity and nobleness in the whole of history. True, his brown cheeks became slightly pale, but his eyes sparkled with true heroic fire, and a lofty resolution lighted up the forehead of the plain, simple man.

"Back! all of you!" he thundered with his deep, powerful voice. "Let

none of you stir, for no one but myself can manage the brute! There must be some one sacrificed, and I will offer myself! I am going to seize him, and while I do it, fly the whole of you!"

The Blacksmith had scarcely spoken these words, when the brute sprang forward towards the shrieking human mass. "Now, with God's help!" cried the Blacksmith, and immediately he leaped upon the raging animal, seizing him with his giant arms, and threw him upon the floor.

Oh! but that was a fearful, horrible struggle that followed! The dog bit at him fiercely, and struggled with groans and dull howls. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the great-souled Blacksmith, but the latter did not relax his grasp. In spite of the fierce pain, in spite of the certain awful death that would follow the struggle, with a giant's strength he held the snapping, biting, howling brute down, until all had fled—until all, all were in safety except himself. Then he hurled the half-strangled brute away from him against the wall, and dripping with blood, covered with the poisonous saliva, he left the room and closed the door behind him. The dog was killed by a shot through the window. But what could be done for the unfortunate, brave Blacksmith?

Weeping and wailing, the people whom he had saved at the expense of his own life, surrounded him.

"Be quiet, men; don't weep for me. Women and children," he said. "One was obliged to die in order to save the others. Do not thank me; for I have only done a sacred duty. When I am dead, remember me in love; and pray for me now that God may keep me from long or much suffering. But I must now take care that no further harm be done by me, as it is certain that I shall be attacked by the disease."

And he went right away to his shop and there sought for heavy chains, the heaviest and strongest in his stock; then he kindled his fire and worked his bellows until the chains were white hot, and with his own hands he fastened himself hands and feet to the anvil which no human strength could tear away from the ground, no more than human strength could break the iron chains.

"There, now it's done," he said, after he had completed his work in silence and earnestness, "now you are all safe and I am harmless. As long as I am alive, bring me my food; the rest I leave to God. Into His hands I commend my spirit."

Nothing could save the brave Blacksmith, not weeping, nor pity, nor even prayers. The disease seized him—and after nine days he must die—but in truth he died only to awake before the throne of God to a more beautiful and more glorious life. He died, but his memory shall live from generation to generation, from child to child, and be blessed to the end of time.

Look over all the pages of human history, and you will find no deed more worthy of the noblest fame than the deed of this simple man—the Blacksmith of Regensburg. It is indeed easy for a noble soul, like Winkelried, to die, or throw life away like the high-souled Roman youth, Martius Curtius, but to meet certain death, to be obliged to die and yet to be obliged to wait through anxious, fearful hours and days, for the most terrible form of death—this is to die not once only, but a thousand times. And such a death died the Blacksmith of Regensburg, such an offering did the Blacksmith of Regensburg make for the preservation of his neighbors. Blessed, ever blessed be his memory to us!—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

The Good Old Hymns.

BY FANNY FERN.

Did you ever know any person who was brought up on the good old Zion hymns, whom they ever failed to move to the foundations when heard? The feet moving on unholy errands linger on their way past the church door, as the melody floats out upon the air. That man, who has wasted life, and energy, and talent which might have blessed mankind, to reap only the whirlwind—he is back again with his little head upon his mother's lap, while she sings that same hymn, which will never grow old, about the "beautiful river." His eyes moisten as he thinks how pained she would be, were she living, to know him now. The hymn ceases, and the low benediction follows, and as the worshippers emerge, he recollects himself, and with an impatient psalm! passes on. "What he moved at a conventicle hymn?" He, who for years has never crossed the threshold of a church? He, who believes neither in prayer nor priests, Bible nor Sunday? He, who has "outgrown" all that? Ah! but he hasn't. He can't outgrow it. It is there; it will come, whether he desires it or not; come, in spite of all his efforts to laugh or reason it away; come, though he live in open derision and mockery of that religion whose divine precepts he cannot efface from his mind; come, as it did to John Randolph, who, after years of atheism, and worldliness, and ambition, left on record, "that the only men he ever knew well and approached closely, whom he did not discover to be unhappy, were sincere believers of the Gospel, who conformed their lives, as far as the nature of man can permit, to its precepts." Often, he says, the religious teachings of his childhood were banished wholly by business or pleasure; but after a while they came more frequently, and staid longer, until at last they were his first thoughts on waking and his last before going to sleep. Said he, "I could not banish them if I would."

"Now and then I like to go into a church," said a young man, apologetically,

to a companion, who was deriding the idea. "I am going to church," he exclaimed, his companion. "Tell me, what possible good can it do?" "Well," said the young man, "somehow, when I hear those hymns it is like hearing the pleading voice of my mother as I left home to become the graceless fellow I am now. I cannot tell you how they move me, or how they make me wish I were better. If I ever do become better, it will be because I cannot separate them from all that seems, in my better moments, worth embodying in the word 'home.' Walter Scott said to his son-in-law, when he was on his death bed, 'Be a good man, Lockhart—be a good man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.' It was easy to multiply instances, where earth's gifted and greatest have borne similar testimony, after having tested all that the world had to offer as an equivalent for 'that peace which passeth all understanding.'"

Parents sometimes say, with tears, "My boy has forgotten all my teachings." You don't know that. You can't say that till the grave closes over him. Said a good mother I knew, who kept on singing those hymns, and whose faith never faltered through long years, when her only son disgraced the family by intemperance,—"John will come right by and by; he must." And day after day, when he was brought home helpless, the mere wreck and libel of manhood, she smiling repeated to all callers: "John will come right; I know it. Every day I ask God to give him back to himself, and I know He will do it."

And John did come right. Out of that horrible pit of degradation he emerged "clothed and in his right mind." He is now in good business standing, owns the house he lives in, is the comfort and pride of the patient wife, who, with his mother, waited woman-like—*Christ-like*—all those weary years for his return. I myself have seen him in church, when the sacramental wine was passed to him, bow his head reverently and humbly over the cup without raising it to his lips.

Never despair of a child who strays away from those hymns. Somewhere between the cradle and the tomb, be sure, those hymns will find him out.

Elliott, the Painter.

A triple curse on rum—so often the baneful inheritance of genius, whose path through the Gardens of Armida, seems to be haunted by the infernal enchantress forever and forever! But see how superbly this orb moved out from the clouds as he went to his setting. Elliott and I had both trod the enchanted ground—we had wandered in these upas gardens together. Years before, after I had seen half the friends of my youth go down, and my own feet were pressing the verge, I had waked from the spell and thrown down the wine-cup. My example had saved some; but the one of all others in the wide world my soul longed for I could not win. And yet the white-robed angel of redemption was winging his blessed flight that way. I find this record in my "Life Sketch Book."

April 17, 1868.—Called to see Elliott by appointment, to talk about the new art, of coloring marbles through the entire mass, and if it were a lost art. Found him down in the saloon. He had been drinking more than usual. But his head was clear, and his heart overflowing with the richest and most generous humanity. He was alone. He listened for a few moments, and then, putting his hand on my shoulder, said, with a deep, tender voice, "My dear L., I don't want to talk to-day. I want to speak of something a great deal bigger than that! I must stop drinking. I have thought it all over. You know all about this business. I want to take the pledge. Can you give it to me as a friend? It will be better so."

"I can, my dear fellow."

"Well, then, come up to the bar, and write it out here while I take my last drink. Mind, L., write it strong."

I wrote it. He came to the table, and slowly taking the pen and holding it a while, as he turned on me his deep gaze, said:

"Friend L., this is a big thing. Think of my giving it up at my time of life! Now in my old age! And yet it must be done."

He deliberately signed his name. "Now," continued he, "you witness it—put your name there right under mine. Now make a duplicate of this, which we both signed."

Putting his copy carefully in his memorandum-book, and buttoning up his coat he drew a deep breath, and, as large, generous tears rolled, one by one, down on his breast, he said:

"It is done. Now L., stand by me, and it will all be well."

And so he began his new life. After a brief visit to his home in Albany he resumed his painting, and with almost incredible rapidity dismissed from his easel that series of his last priceless portraits, till his work was done.—*C. E. Lester in Harper's Magazine.*

What Mark Marks Heard.

Mark Marks says he went to church yesterday for the first time in many Sabbaths; after service was out, he stood upon the porch as the crowd passed out, to see the styles, as he declares that's what all the people leave their houses on Sunday for. And while he stood there, he tells us, the conversation of those passing him was exceedingly interesting, when put together as he heard it. One person would pass him conversing, and he would hear a portion of what was said, and another would come

along talking about something else, a part of which caught his ear, and so on. And this, says Marks, is the way it struck out: "Very good sermon, Mrs. —." "Some sort of red stuff trimmed with narrow blue braid." "No, I didn't like it one bit; it was cut too full around the shoulders." "Didn't you see him? He sat in Mr. —'s pew." "Pshaw! Mrs. D. — had one of them last fall; it's old style."

"What a horrid looking nose he's got; I thought Fanny said he was good looking." "You don't say so. Have you got an invitation?" "Yes, he is a very logical preacher." "Did you notice that flashy plume she had on?" "No place for a young child, any way." "I got it at Talcott & Post's." "Got any tobacco, John?" "Poo! I wouldn't speak to him, any way." "I should think Mary — would be ashamed to wear such an outlandish —." "They say that dispatch about Sumter is all bosh." "Not half so pretty as Mrs. —'s; though it don't look so bad after all." "So Bill Easton said last Saturday." "I don't see him once in a dog's age." "Yes, I'll be there at seven, precisely." "I can't tell; but Sam knows all about it," etc. And Marks says he went home deeply "convinced."—*Courier.*

Count Zinzendorf and the Dove.

Cruelty to animals is always the sign of a mean and little mind, whereas we invariably find great men distinguished by their humanity. I remember having read, some time ago, a beautiful story of Count Zinzendorf, when a boy. He was, as I dare say you know, a great German noble, and lived to do a great deal of good in the world.

One day, when he was playing with his hoop near the banks of a deep river, which flowed outside the walls of a castle where he lived, he espied a dove struggling in the river. By some means the poor little creature had fallen into the river, and was unable to escape. The little count immediately rolled a large washing-tub, which had been left near, to the water's edge, jumped into it, and though generally very timid on the water, by the aid of a stick, he managed to steer himself across the river, to the place where the dove lay floating and struggling. With the bird in his arms he guided the tub back, and got safely to land. After warming his little captive tenderly in his bosom, the boy ran with it into the wood, and set it free. His mother, who had watched the whole transaction in trembling anxiety for his safety from her bed-room window, now came out.

"But were you not afraid?" she asked. "Yes, I was, rather," answered the little boy; "but I could not bear that it should die so; you know, mother, its little ones might have been waiting for it to come home."—*Plea for the Dumb Creation.*

"Talking about 'fine phrases' recalls another story of a clergyman who had a fondness for long words, and undertook to instruct one of his church officers in the use of them. One night, as they were about to leave the vestry, John asked the minister if he should put out the candles. 'Put out! Say extinguish,' answered the clergyman. 'An,' said John, 'does extinguish always stand for put out?' 'Always,' replied the minister. Next Sunday it happened that a dog began to bark in the church. John at once rose in his seat, and solemnly gave the order: 'Some one will please to extinguish that dog.'"

It is much easier to blame than to do better.

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Farm and Garden.

"The Two Villages."

Over the river on the hill,
Lies a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees,
Shiver and whisper in the breeze.
Over it sailing shadows go,
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow;
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill,
Another village lies still;
There I see in the cooling night,
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the road no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You may not enter at hall or hut.
All the village lies asleep,
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh—
Silent—and idle—and low—they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer,
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below—
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And hark, praying, the answer fall—
"Patience! That village shall hold ye all!"
—Shadow of the Rock.

How they Fatten Cattle Abroad.

Some cattle, like some human beings, eat more than others; but it is not always those who eat most that get fatter. Consequently the stock feeder who does not study the individual taste and temper of the various animals, and who allows his servants to pitch an indefinite quantity of food into the troughs, is not the man whose name is found on the prize-list at a Christmas show. For many years turnips and straw or hay were given without stint to fattening animals, and not a few well-meaning farmers still continue the practice; but the prize-winner has found that a judicious admixture of what are called "auxiliary food" materially reduces the consumption of roots and straw, while the animal is brought earlier to perfection. The popular prejudice against the flesh of animals fed on cakes made from linseed or rape, which was the result of the aversion which the bucolic mind had from change, is now disappearing. Yet people are still to be met who trace the taste of linseed cake in a Christmas ox, although, oddly enough, they never by any chance recognize the flavor of turnips, notwithstanding that the animal may have consumed as much as from 50 lbs. to 70 lbs. a day of that valuable esculent, while his cake-eating would be limited to a few pounds. The fact that the flesh of polled cattle from Aberdeenshire, fed on scientific principles, brings the highest price in the London market, affords significant evidence on this point.

At their birth ordinary calves are fed on new milk, with sometimes the addition of a little boiled linseed. They are fed three times a day until about four weeks old, when one meal is taken from them, and the two feeds are supplemented by a few carrots or a little hay. At three months old they only receive one meal a day, and shortly afterwards none at all, as they are then sent out to grass, and manage, with the help of a little cake, to forage for themselves. In order that they may be brought quickly into good condition calves are confined in boxes well-littered, lighted, ventilated and kept very clean. Unless they are intended to be killed for veal—when they are kept in dark boxes, and we are sorry to say, occasionally bled, to whiten the meat—they get regular exercise in a properly sheltered yard. In October they are treated to a taste of turnips daily, and later on the year these bulbs are their principal food, one calf sometimes consuming from 40 to 60 pounds a day. With the numerous appliances now furnished by the implement maker, turnips can be pulped very easily; indeed, in a couple of hours, a pulping machine, turned by two men and fed by two women, can pulp as many turnips as will serve thirty cattle for a couple of days. Failing turnips in the winter months, the feeder resorts to "artificial" food, in the shape of cakes, meal or crushed grain. A bullock weighing 7 cwt.—by no means a fat-show weight—will eat daily 60 to 70 lbs. of cut Swedish turnips, 2 lbs. linseed, 2 lbs. oilcake, 2 lbs. bean meal, 12 lbs. cut hay, and 2 or 3 lbs. of crushed grain. When turnips are scarce the allowance of artificial food is increased.

City and Country.

A man is just in his prime at fifty, and should have as good health on a farm as in a city or village. If he has property enough to live on without work, and if he understands farming and likes it, I do not see why he should sell and move into the city; and if he has not, the question for him to decide is, whether he can do better at some other business. If he has doubts on this point, better stay on the farm. Put up a small tenant house. This is far cheaper and better than boarding men in the family. Take the general direction of the farm, keep things in order, do light work, attend to the stock. In this way a man who understands farming can often earn or save more money

than he could by going into the field to plow. Farmers do not realize how much they get in the shape of house-rent, fuel, fruit, vegetables, pork, lard, milk, butter, eggs, etc. Everything is now so high that people of moderate means have hard work to get along in the cities. If a man is on a farm and doing well, he had better stay where he is; and if he is not doing well, let him consider his ways, i. e., let him sit down and look the matter honestly in the face and ascertain where the fault lies. A little self-examination takes the conceit out of a man, and real humility is the parent of good resolutions, and leads to success.

One of the most prosperous farmers in this section was a city man—I think a painter—who saved a little money, and bought, twenty or more years ago, a piece of so-called poor, sandy land, that the timber had all been cut off from. He paid about \$500 for one hundred acres. It is now worth \$20,000. When he went on to the farm, his health was poor, and he has never been what is called a "hard-working man," but he attended closely to his business. He has a tool-house, and a place for everything, and keeps everything in its place. Everything in and around the house and barns is as neat as a pin, and order and system pervades all his operations. It was thought when he bought the land that it was "barren." He found, however, that it would grow clover, and in this case, as in so many others, plowing under clover made the land rich enough to produce anything he liked to sow or plant. I need hardly say he had a good wife—one that interested herself in farming operations, and was not continually longing to get back to the city. —Agriculturist.

Straw for Horses.

The value of straw as a feeding substance was never better proved than by the following fact: a firm having a large number of heavy wagon horses, had frequent occasion for the veterinary surgeon, until they were recommended to mix a certain portion of fine cut straw with the clover hay. This has been the practice now for some years, and their bill for horse-doctoring is at a minimum. The partner of the firm who told me this, said how advantageous it was not to be deprived, as they formerly were, of the use of several horses—to say nothing of the saving in expense and loss. The fact is, the food was too rich or mucilaginous, for I have often been told that fine-cut hay, un-mixed with straw-chaff, balls in the stomach, and thus is, I suppose, deprived of the action of the gastric juices. We know that too succulent or rich grasses are injurious, and no doubt straw-chaff mixed with it acts mechanically, if not chemically, with advantage. It would be well for our agricultural friends to know that for several thousand horses belonging to the London General Omnibus Company, the food is all passed through the chaff-cutter with, I believe, a certain proportion of straw. While spring-grazing, our bullocks on tares, we mix straw with them in their earlier growth, but as they advance to flowering and podding, this is not required, because there is much wheat and oats grown with this, which gets intermixed on passing through the chaff-machine.

THE FIRST POTATO PLANTED IN OREGON.—In the highly interesting narrative of Gabriel Franchère, we read that, "in the month of May, 1811, on a rich piece of land in front of our establishment [at Astoria] we put into the ground twelve potatoes, so shriveled up during the passage from New York that we despaired of raising any from the few sprouts that still showed signs of life. Nevertheless, we raised one hundred and nineteen potatoes the first season. And, after sowing a few plants to our inland traders, we planted fifty or sixty hills, which produced five bushels the second year, about two of these were planted, and gave us a welcome crop of fifty bushels in the year 1813." Were these potatoes suffered to die out, or was the seed preserved by the Indians in the vicinity of Astoria, until the after occupancy of the country by the Hudson Bay Company?—Mountaineer.

Hints for the Farm and House.

PROFITS OF SHEEP-RAISING.—Mr. E. J. Harding, of Marion County, about four years ago, purchased three hundred head of ewes, for \$400. Since then he has sold one hundred wethers in different small lots; has used mutton largely in his own family; sold last summer to the amount of \$500 from the flock; has now sold \$11,625 worth of sheep, and has two hundred head left. In addition to these sums are the amounts, not given, which have been realized for wool. Such results justify Mr. Harding in saying, as he did to the party making the last-mentioned purchase, "that sheep, had proved the most profitable stock to him."—Willamette Farmer.

LIME WATER FOR FOWLS.—Lime water is said to be beneficial for an occasional drink for fowls. It is a preventative of many diseases, and assists the formation of bone and eggs. It is prepared by pouring over quicklime some warm water, and when the lime is slacked and settled, drawing the clear water off, which can be kept for a considerable time.

SIX BEST SHRUBS.—The six best shrubs for the door-yard, in the opinion of *Health and Home*, are, 1. Lilac—purple and red (Syringa). 2. Snowball (Viburnum). 3. Scarlet Japan Quince (Cydonia Japonica). 4. Tartarian Honey-suckle (Lonicera). 5. Forsythia. 6. Weigelia.

SOIL FOR THE GRAPE.—It is a curious fact that very rich and highly manured land has rarely produced a grape that would yield a high quality of wine. The grape that contains the most saccharine matter will make the best wine, and the different varieties differ widely in the proportion of sugar. In Italy and in Sicily the very finest and sweetest grapes grow on the rocky rubbish of volcanoes, and those that grow on loose, rocky soils or along hill-sides covered with rocks are often the best.

SOLANINE IN POTATOES.—The sprouts of the potato contain an alkaloid, termed by chemists *solanine*, which is very poisonous if taken into the system. This does not exist in the tubers, unless they are exposed to the light and air, which sometimes occurs from the accidental removal of the earth in cultivation. A potato that shows a blackish-green tint on the one side should never be cooked for the table or fed to stock.

STOVES.—The *Journal of Chemistry*, discussing the stove question, pronounces against soapstone stoves as too wasteful of fuel, the gas consuming stoves as either not safe or not practical, all cast-iron stoves as emitting gas and, concluding that some heat must be lost for the sake of health, pronounces in favor of the straight-draft sheet-iron stoves of years past.

RECIPE.—Cut any kind of meat in very thin slices, season with pepper and salt. Place in a mould. Boil the bones and scraps of meat left in a little water (a pint when it is done), add a tablespoonful of Cox's Gelatine. Season high, and strain through a cloth; when nearly cold turn over the meat, and let stand until the next day. When needed turn out of the mould and serve. Cut in thin slices. Excellent for a supper dish, or *enrémé*. If poultry or real are used, put slices of hard-boiled eggs between each slice of meat.

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Possessing, also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful
agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the
Liver, and all the Visceral Organs. In this respect these
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Pin, Tape, and other Worms,
Lurking in the systems of so many thousands on this
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This disease, in a measure, is occasioned by the irregularity
and want of action in the liver. Biliary ducts, gall blad-
der, etc. Headache, Pain in the Shoulder, Cough, Tumor
of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the
Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilem Attacks, Puff-
iness of the Face, Inflammation of the Lungs, Hemor-
rhages of Urine, Pain in the region of the Kidneys,
and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offspring
of this Dyspepsia. For these troubles take Dr. Walker's
Vinegar Bitters, and quickly all painful symptoms will dis-
appear. These Bitters stimulate and invigorate the Stomach,
Liver and Bowels, cleanse from the blood all its im-
purities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole
system, carrying off, without the aid of calomel or other
mercurial medicines, every particle of bilious matter,
wherein the old are made young, and the pale and sallow
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This is the fruitful source of many diseases, such as Tet-
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Ulcers, Pimples and eruptions of all kinds. For the cure
of these various affections, which are merely symptoms of
a morbid condition of the blood, medical science has fail-
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er's Vinegar Bitters.

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It is perfectly harmless, never producing the slightest in-
jury.

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Vinegar Bitters is not a glyster pill, to clog the system or
please the fancy; it is a medical preparation, and not a
beverage. Unlike other Bitters, it is entirely free from the
fery attributes which create and foster a passion for stim-
ulants, and which belong to all distilled and fermented
liquors of commerce. It is composed of the best vegetable
ingredients the dispensary of nature furnishes, so far as
discovery has yet extended. It may be considered incred-
ible that so many cases, considered hopelessly incurable,
have been frequently cured in a few days or weeks, and
we cheerfully invite the investigation of the liberal minded
and scientific to the cures it has made.

Bitters.
Under various names, offered to the public, and displayed
behind bars in drinking saloons, soda fountains, health
physicians attached, are usually vile compounds of Refuse
Whisky, Condensed Oatmeal, Wine, etc., mixed together
and flavored to suit the taste, with a few herbs, spices and
sugar, and sold under the names of Tonics, Restorers, Ap-
petizers, etc. Many persons are induced to take them, be-
lieving them to be beneficial, when, if they know the vil-
lous stuff from which they are made, not one out of a thousand
would taste them.

It is vain for advocates of temperance to write, speak, or
labor for reform while this shameful business is carried on,
and physicians can be found to sanction and recommend
them. It is not surprising that sensible people are becom-
ing disgusted with

